And set out to attend in her light sedan chair,
The Christmas Cotillion in Louisburg Square.

And no sooner she enters, than beauz by the score
Crowd 'round as she steps o'er the wax-polished floor;
'Till she singles him out with a smile sweet and rare,
And grants him her favor in Louisburg Square.

Through the Minuet mazes, to rhythmical rhyme,
They stepped hand in hand while his heart beat the time;
And he staked his young heart with no thought of its care,
And lost it, while dancing in Louisburg Square.

And on many a night 'neath her window's soft glow,
He sighed as he paced on the pavement below,
'Till the watch with his rattle and lantern's red glare,
Would bid him be gone from the Louisburg Square.

But at last in the spring-time, when summer was nigh,
He knew that his love had been born but to die;

By another she knelt, blushing rosy and fair
At the tail of King's Chapel, near Louisburg Square.

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But the past is the past, and the heart's growing old,—
The music has stopped, and he feels the night cold,
So he sighs, and then slowly he climbs up the stair,
And lights are all out in old Louisburg Square.

W. L. F.